THE YOUTHFUL HAUNTS OF LONGFELLOW

AUTHOR'S EDITION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

DRAWING BY ETHEL IDA CHASE FROM A PAINTING BY G. P. A. HEALEY

THE YOUTHFUL HAUNTS OF LONGFELLOW

By GEORGE THORNTON EDWARDS

PORTLAND, ME.
GEO. T. EDWARDS
1907

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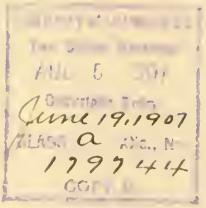

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TO

My Wife

WHOSE SYMPATHY, HELPFUL SPIRIT, CAMARADERIE
AND KINDLY CRITICISM HAVE MADE THIS
LABOR OF LOVE POSSIBLE,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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PREFACE

PREFACE

FROM time immemorial, writers have been wont to compare the products of their endeavors with various named craft of more or less pretension. The favorite term by which an author refers to his book is, "the frail bark" which he launches on "the sea of books," or by some similar figure that may please his fancy.

Longfellow, in his "Epistle Dedicatory" to Outre-Mer, says, "What perils await the adventurous author who launches forth with the uncertain current of public favor in so frail a bark as this. The very rocking of the tide may overset him, or peradventure some free-booting critic, prowling about the great ocean of letters may descry him through a gray goose quill and perhaps sink him without more ado."

Van Dyke, in a preface to one of his editions of the "Otherwise Man" says of it, "It is not a man-of-war, nor even a high-sided merchant man, only a small peaceful sailing vessel."

Still others have followed out various phases of the metaphor.

But this little work, the author would compare, not with the high-sided merchant man, nor with the agressive man-of-war; nor with the peaceful sailing vessel, nor yet with the frail bark of the poet's fancy, but rather, on account of the purpose of the work, with the unpretentious though sturdy little pilot boat, which, when a sail heaves in sight, goes out to meet the stranger and offers him safe conduct to port.

As captain of this particular pilot boat, the writer takes occasion to say, that a duly licensed pilot, being first and last a sea faring man, should properly be well qualified to guide the stranger through that sea of fact and fancy on whose surface floats the truths and fictions of the early life of any great man; and he assures you, Gentle Reader, that notwithstanding his pilot's license gives him the privilege of occasionally going out of the beaten course of historic facts into the realm of imagination, that he will endeavor to conduct you mainly through the safe waters of historical research, and if you will stay

with him, he will see you safely over those shoals of unwarranted error and untruth in which one is liable to come to grief, unless he has a well informed pilot, at the outset. He will observe the rules laid down for pilots; he will not misguide you; neither will he lend his license to any, or decline to go with any stranger who may hail him.

Therefore, if you would successfully navigate amongst the reefs of uncertainty, on which, unassisted, one is almost sure to be blown by the head winds of misinformation and contradiction, you should, without delay, secure the services of the pilot of this trustworthy little craft at the outset, and you will be insured safe passage through the various currents of interest, legend and romance connected with the early life of the world's most loved poet, in the city by the sea.

THE AUTHOR.

BRIGHTON, July, 1907.

LONGFELLOW

1807-1907

LONGFELLOW

FEBRUARY 27, 1807–1907

WHAT is a hundred years — a century!
'Tis but a moment, to eternity;
And yet it is more time than that called life,
Or man's allotment in this world of strife.
A hundred years! Three generations come
And gone, perhaps, and yet there may be some
Are here to-day, who saw or mayhap knew
And talked with him; O favored few,
Who clasped the hand of him, and felt its glow —
The poet, born a hundred years ago!

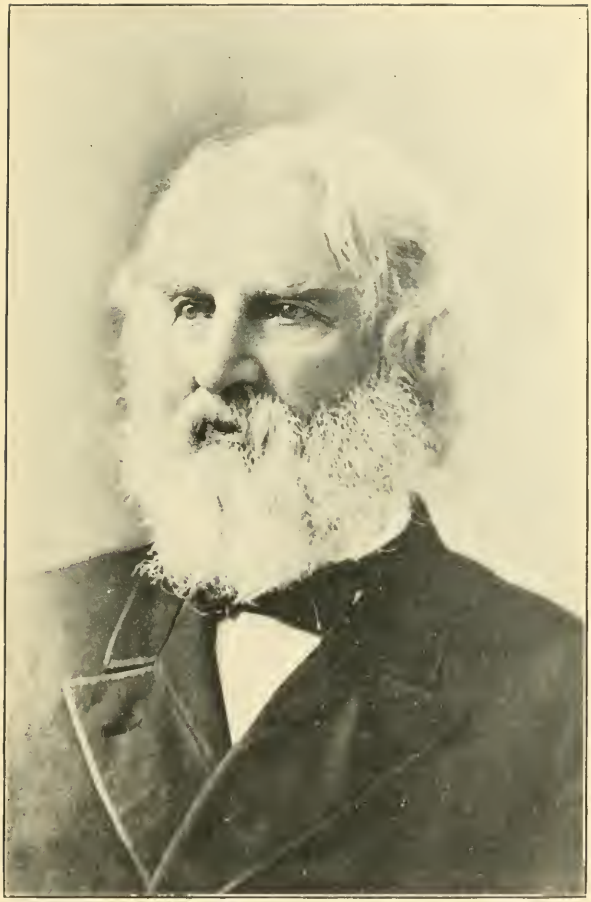
O gentle singer, how thy song endears
The people of two mighty nations to
Thyself as years roll on! If thou but knew
(The inspiration of my youthful years)
How we have shared thy sorrows, hopes and fears!
What magic filled thy words, or was it art,
That struck the chord responsive in the heart,
To bring a smile, or flood the eye with tears?

To-day thou livest in a thousand hearts!
Where'er thy verse is read, thy song imparts
Sweet memories of woods and early loves;
Of murmuring brook, or sound of cooing doves,
With thee, in thought, I've "wandered up and down"
The "pleasant streets" of this, the "dear old town"
Of thy lost youth; the city by the sea,
Which in thy youth had known the heart of thee;
With thee, I wander down among the "slips,"
And wonder at the "mystery of the ships,"
And, dreaming of the "magic of the sea,"
Makes my lost youth come back, as thine to thee.

As long as hearts respond to motives pure,
  And pleasures simple do the heart delight,
  And love of home inspires us to the right,
So long thy songs and memory'll endure
In all our hearts, alike, the rich and poor!
  The high and low, alike, love to rehearse
  The stories of the heart in simple verse,
Whether of foreign clime, or rock bound shore.

The poet is not dead, nor cannot die:
His words live on and past the century!

His pure sweet presence, living in his song,
With potent force speaks to the mighty throng.
To vibrant strings of sorrow, love and joy
Thou played'st upon, the old man and the boy
Respond alike, for this alone thou art
And ever'll be — the poet of the heart!



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD OF LONGFELLOW

THE BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD OF LONGFELLOW

IF Longfellow could have had the selection of the place of his birth, he could not have found on either continent a town more delightful, or one that was surrounded by a quieter atmosphere for his refining, than Portland, Maine.

The city of Portland might be described as lying on either side of a ridge, along the crest of which runs the main street. This ridge dips in the middle, or to be more accurate, perhaps 'twere better to say that it rises at either end.

The view from the western end of the city is of quiet rivers running through green meadows and fertile fields of varying color, with the white hills of New Hampshire in the distance, and with occasional glowing and unmatchable sunsets; while the eastern end of the city looks out upon one of the most remarkable scenes that can be found or even imagined in any part of the world. A beautiful bay, studded with the "islands that were the Hesperides" of Long-

fellow's boyish dreams, and dotted with the incoming and outgoing craft in the channel, stretches away to the eastward as far as eye can reach. The lumber laden coasters at anchor in the upper harbor, and perhaps one or more of the ocean steamers that shuttle between Portland and Liverpool, firing its parting gun, as it leaves the black wharves behind it, the old forts along the shore, with now and then a glimpse of Old Glory on the flag staff, as it is wafted to the breeze above the ramparts of Fort Preble, tend to make it, not only a glorious, but an inspiring sight.

Is it a wonder, then, that Longfellow loved "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea?"

To the lover of quaint and delightsome places, "the pleasant streets of the dear old town" are a joy never ending. State Street with its dignified elms, is probably Portland's most beautiful avenue. It is at the head of this street that the statue to Longfellow has been appropriately placed. No better location could have been thought of, for that matter, for a place to bear the name of the distinguished poet, for Long-

BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

fellow Square is away from that portion of the main street devoted to business interests, and is surrounded by old residences that seem to lend their silent approval to the selection of this spot, for perpetuating the expression of Portland's love for her favored son. It is, further, the first point of historic interest the stranger in Portland comes upon, when entering the city from the Union Station.

Among the picturesque sights in Portland, then, as now, were the wharves, where, in the time when Portland's trade with the West Indies was at its height, "the Spanish sailors with bearded lips" were wont to rove among the barrels of Jamaica rum and hogsheads of Porto Rico molasses, which formed the principal imports of the day; and the piles of deal plank which were hauled in from the surrounding country for export.

Anyone visiting these wharves to-day has but to shut his eyes, to bring before him, in imagination, the scenes of this early period, and see and hear the confusion attendant upon the discharging of one of these West Indian cargoes. The

heavy tierces of molasses being rolled up the skids by sheer brute force; the men pulling and pushing and sweating and swearing; the regular and almost rhythmic grunts of the straining negroes as they apply their mighty strength to the task, in unison; the intermingling of the songs of the South by these dark-skinned sons of Ham; the pound, pound, pound of the hoofs of dray-horses straining under their heavy loads; the crack of the teamster's whips; the creak of the hoisting blocks; and burdened breathing of the laborers as the heavy hogsheads are hoisted out of the hold; all go to make a picture of apparent confusion, but one of unfailing interest to him who has had the good fortune to witness it.

Now, however, the wharves and slips are given over to fishermen clad in picturesque attire, their boats heaped high with shinning cod and haddock, their language no less picturesque, perhaps, than their garments.

The house at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets in which Longfellow was born, was at that time in the heart of the town;—in the loca-

WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW MANSION

tion where most of the fine houses of the time had been constructed, and where a large number of the first families lived. At that time the crystal waters of Casco Bay came nearly to the dooryard of this destined to be historic building; and where is now located the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway (all of which as well as the large grain elevators have been built on "made land") was a beautiful white sandy beach lapped by glistening waves. It is hard, even in imagination, to realize that where is now bustle and confusion, not unmixed with a certain amount of squalor, once reigned the peace and quiet of a restful and aristocratic neighborhood, that looked out upon the sunlit waters of a beautiful bay.

It was on the 27th day of February, 1807, while the future parents of the poet were spending the winter with his father's sister, Mrs. Stephenson, that Henry W. Longfellow was born. In a little more than a year after the event which gave this old three storied house historic value and interest for all time to come, the parents moved with their children to the Wadsworth Mansion, next to the Preble House on Con-

gress Street, so that Longfellow's youth and all his youthful associations were connected with this house rather than with his birthplace. At that time the brick mansion (it was the first brick house erected in Portland, the bricks having been brought from Philadelphia) was so far on the outskirts of the town, that it might well have been described as being located in the suburbs; and the old fashioned one ring circus exhibited in the field directly back of this mansion on its annual visits to Portland.

Let us stand for a moment in Monument Square and looking about us, expose the sensitized plate of the imagination to our surroundings, and take a snap shot, as it were, of old Market Square at the time of the poet's infancy.

We see the square surrounded with little wooden shops, nearly all of them but one story high. On the site, where now is located the offices of the American Express Company, was a two story and a half structure known as Marston's Tavern. It was here that Colonel Thompson and his men took Mowatt a prisoner in 1775, for which act the doughty Britisher got

ample revenge later by bombarding and burning the greater part of the old town. In the center of the square, where now stands Portland's tribute to her bravest, the soldiers' monument, was then located the old covered hay scales, the market house and some small shops terminating in a heater or one story wooden "flat iron building" nearly opposite the head of Preble Street. At the corner of Preble Street on the land now occupied by the Preble House was the Preble Mansion, whose construction was begun by Commodore Preble, the hero of Tripoli, who unfortunately did not live to occupy it. Back of this mansion was the private garden of the widow Preble, which extended nearly if not quite to Cumberland Avenue.

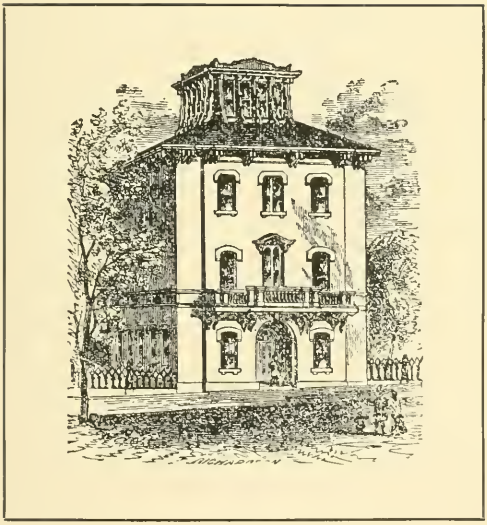
It may be interesting to know that the present Preble House was built around the old Preble Mansion, the original walls of which were not disturbed, so that the old mansion forms the middle section of the hotel building as it now stands.

Next to the Prebles stood the Wadsworth Mansion, the only thing in this locality which

to-day remains unchanged, while beyond was the Morton Mansion with its gardens extending to Brown Street.

Opposite these three splendid old dwellings, and occupying the entire block bounded by Brown, Congress, Center and Free Streets, was the wood market. Here the farmers with their sleds drawn over the crunching snow by the patient oxen, came, in winter, to dispose of their loads of cordwood. Here, with a railing between them and the sidewalk, was a row of fine old trees, beneath which the cattle could stand sheltered from the rays of summer's sun or the blast of winter's wind, and feed from the hay which was tossed on the ground in front of them.

Here, many a shrewd bargain between the Yankee farmers and the townspeople was driven, and here, I have no doubt, many a story of yet earlier days, of the Indian fights, or of the burning of the town by Mowatt, were told and retold again, while the noonday repast was being consumed, or the woodsman was cutting up a fresh supply of tobacco to last him his return trip to the farm.



THE OLD PORTLAND ACADEMY

WHICH LONGFELLOW ATTENDED WHEN A BOY

Farther down the main street to the East, stood the old First Parish Church, which the poet's parents attended, the parsonage, now the Chadwick House, and the old Portland Academy where Longfellow received the greater part of his early education.

The Wadsworth Mansion had been built twenty-two years previous to Longfellow's birth by General Peleg Wadsworth who was the father of Longfellow's mother, and in this house the poet lived with his parents until he was fourteen years of age, when he entered Bowdoin College.

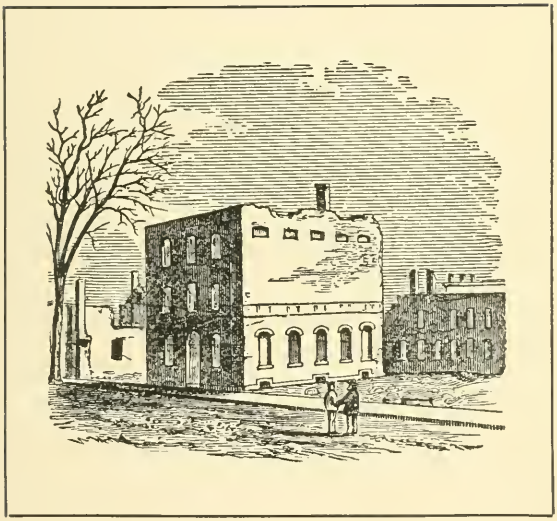
It was in this house that Longfellow at the age of seven years wrote his first letter. It was to his father in Boston, and in it he asks, first, that his father buy his little sister Ann a "little Bible like little Betsey's" and as almost an afterthought at the end of his letter he adds, "I wish you would buy me a drum." To this childish epistle is signed his full name, "Henry W. Longfellow."

Little did he or his parents at that time think that that name, when written in after years, would in the very spelling of it be an inspiration

for good to thousands of those who would later read his then unwritten verse.

At three years of age Longfellow was first sent to school. The schoolhouse which he attended was a little one story affair with clapboarded walls and a square pitched roof and had two separate entrances which opened into a vestibule where the coats and hats were hung. The vestibule again opened through separate doorways into the main schoolroom in much the same manner that many of the little isolated schoolhouses in various parts of New England do to this day. The location of this seat of learning was on the southerly side of what is now Spring Street at a point about halfway between High and Park Streets. From this fact it can be inferred that the City had already begun its westward march, though for years after this all the land to the west of High Street remained unchanged and was mostly either "swamp or sunburnt pasture land" and thought to be unfit for building purposes.

"Marm" Fellows, as Mrs. Fellows, the teacher and principal of this school was called, has the



RUINS OF THE OLD PORTLAND ACADEMY

AFTER BEING BLOWN UP BY GUN POWDER DURING THE GREAT FIRE OF 1866

honor of having taught the poet his first rudiments in language and deportment.

It must have been an interesting sight in those days to have seen the little fellow, not yet out of his dresses, jogging along on the back of the family horse, with the burly negro servant behind; the child's fair complexion, chestnut hair, rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, contrasting in a marked degree with the ebon skin and curly black wool of the African, who, with one hand holding the little fellow on the saddle, with the other held the rein that guided the faithful equine to his destination.

After two years of instruction under Marm Fellows, Henry was thought old enough to be sent to the public school which was located on Love Lane (now Center Street) and but a short distance from the boy's home. Many of the rougher boys of the town attended this school and without doubt made life wretched for the sensitive impressionable child. At this school, it is said, was enacted one of the tragedies of Longfellow's childhood.

At the end of a week he came home one day,

his heart nearly breaking, his cheeks flaming with anger. His teacher had accused him of a lie. One can imagine the effect on this conscientious high minded child,—he, who as his sister had said, had "never a mean thought or act" and who was noted for being generous as well as truthful. Suffice it to say he was never required to go to this school again.

Soon after this he was sent to the Portland Academy, where, under the tutorship of Master Carter he made rapid progress in his studies. He entered into every task with an ardor that gave a zest to his work and won him praise from his instructor. The old Academy was located nearly opposite the First Parish Church, on the site now occupied by Congress Hall, and stood until the great fire which devastated Portland in 1866, during which it was blown up with gunpowder in an effort to save the buildings to the North of it from destruction by the flames.

Longfellow had by this time grown to be a handsome youth, with a frankness that won all that came in contact with him, and had already begun to amuse himself by writing verses.

On the westerly side of Exchange Street, formerly called Court Street, and nearly opposite Milk Street, where was formerly located the printing office of one Mr. Shirley, was printed in the early part of the last century that dispenser of Portland news and society gossip at large, the old Portland *Gazette*. On the evening of the seventeenth of November in the year 1820, there appeared in the poet's corner of this paper, over the signature of "Henry," the first published verses written by Longfellow.

The story of how Longfellow, at the then early age of thirteen years, slipped his manuscript into the letter box with "trembling and misgiving heart;" how he went again, and "stood shivering in the November air, afraid to venture in;" how later, his sister, the sole sharer of his secret, waited with him while his father read the paper through and "said nothing,—perhaps saw nothing"—and of the boy's inexpressible delight when he saw the poem was there, has all been told by his brother and biographer, Samuel Longfellow, in his work, The Life of Longfellow, published nearly seventy years after this event.

Perhaps no better way of closing this sketch of Longfellow's boyhood could be devised than by giving these verses in full. They were entitled, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond."

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND

The First Published Verses of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

THE YOUTH AND ASPIRATIONS OF LONGFELLOW

THE YOUTH AND ASPIRATIONS OF LONGFELLOW

SOMEONE has said, "The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness." The flower of Longfellow's youth, then, was exquisitely beautiful, since his sense of what was just and honest, his high-mindedness, coupled with his naturally kind hearted and affectionate nature and infinite trust in the Divinity never diminished, but continued throughout the years of his after life. That he was ambitious, one has but to read extracts from his journal and letters to discover. In his early school days he was "industrious, prompt, and persevering" and full of enthusiasm for every undertaking. At college he maintained a high rank in his class, among such classmates as Nathaniel Hawthorne and others, who later achieved national fame for themselves in literature and politics. His instincts and high principles kept him from mischief and from college pranks and escapades, and in 1824 we find him writing his father, that he

"eagerly aspires after future eminence in literature." In fact, he writes, "My whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it," and later: "Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for I WILL BE EMINENT in something."

After graduating from Bowdoin College, Longfellow spent the winter of 1825-1826 in Portland. Here, in April of the latter year, was printed a poem, the last of his to appear in the Gazette. It was called, "SONG."

SONG

The Last Poem of Longfellow's to Appear in the Portland Gazette.

Where from the eye of day
The dark and silent river
Pursues thro' tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver,

The silver mist that breaks
From out that woodland cover
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over.

PORCH AND DOORWAY OF WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW MANSION

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing;

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love when glowing
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

Let us look about us and note some of the changes that have been made in Portland during Longfellow's absence at college.

Down by the old birthplace, to prevent the further encroachment of the sea in front of the old residences facing on the Fore Street, had been built a sea wall; and two wharves had been extended out from the same, so that vessels of considerable draft could come up to them for their necessary supply of water from Munjoy's springs, to last them through their voyages to the Indies.

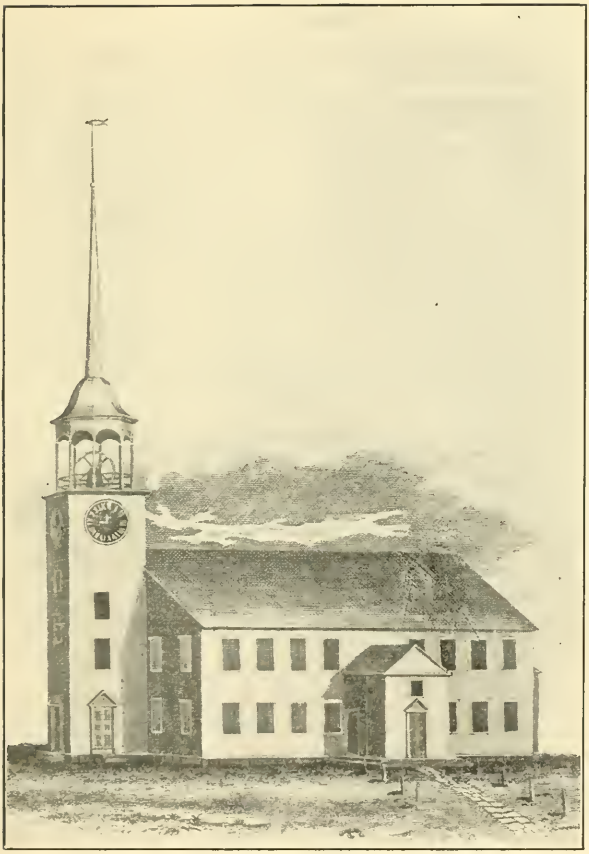
One of the old residences near the house in which the poet was born was fitted up with a large hose and coupling so that water could be

pumped or syphoned to the water barrels aboard the different vessels without the necessity of carrying or carting.

The old birthplace, it may be stated, was built in 1802 by one William Campbell and sold to Samuel Stephenson in 1804. It was this Samuel Stephenson who married the sister of Stephen Longfellow, the father of the poet. The elder Stephenson lived in the three storied gambrel roofed house next door.

Between these two houses was a large yard, which was afterwards used as a ship yard by one Lemuel Dyer, and in which was built and finished and was launched during the early part of the nineteenth century, several vessels, among which, if they did not carry out the expectations of their builders, there were two, at least, that bore distinguished names,—"The General Warren" and "The Commodore Preble."

I have no doubt that some one of the many launchings that were then occurring in and about Portland, was the inspiration of that beautiful poem to which Longfellow gave the name, "*The Building of the Ship*," for there were shipyards



OLD FIRST PARISH MEETING-HOUSE

WHICH LONGFELLOW ATTENDED WHEN A CHILD

at many points along the harbor front, and no less than fourteen vessels are said to have been on the ways at one time in the old shipyard at Stroudwater alone. In fact, there averaged during the year 1816 a launching every ten days from the various shipyards of Portland. The poem may, however, have had its first inception on the occasion of the poet's memorable visit to Portland, when, as the steamer on which he was coming from Boston, sailed into the harbor, he was just in time to see a ship being launched.

The poem was written some time after this fact was noted in the poet's journal under date of July 15, 1847.

Who is there among us who is not familiar with the lines beginning,

And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.

And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;

And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Market Square had also undergone a marvelous change during the poet's absence from home.

Many of the old shacks had been torn down and substantial three storied brick blocks had been built in their stead.

During the winter of 1825 had been erected the old Market Hall or City Hall as it was afterwards called. A miniature model of this old structure, which was afterwards demolished to make way for the Soldiers' Monument, may be seen near the center of Deering Park to-day, perched on top of one of the original columns that adorned its facade.

The tablet on the front of this Ionic column reads as follows:—

Above is a model of
MARKET HALL built in
1825 from which this
Column was taken
When it was removed
from the spot now
occupied by the
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'
MONUMENT

Here, at the old mansion on Congress Street, then Main Street, Longfellow wrote, in addition

OLD MARKET HALL

WHICH FORMERLY OCCUPIED THE SPOT WHERE NOW STANDS THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT

to the "Song" quoted above, "Musings," the "Song of the Birds," "Autumn" and "The Burial of Minnisink." The last two of these he considered worthy of reproducing in his published "Poetical Works." He says of them:—

"These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortune beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: 'I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.'"

Two quatrains from his poem, "Autumn," will suffice to show the quality of his verse at this time, as well as the lesson which he never failed to convey, though never obtrusively, to his readers.

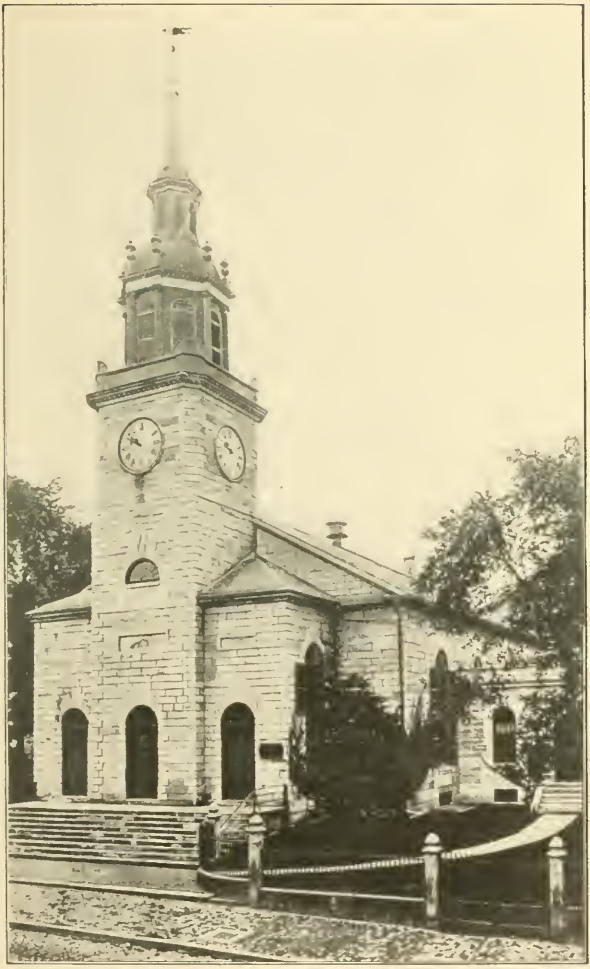
With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;

* * * * * *

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

In April, 1826, we find the poet leaving Portland for a European journey to prepare himself for the position of Professorship of modern languages to which he had been appointed at Bowdoin.

In September, 1831, after having spent three years in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, studying the languages and literature of those countries as he went along, we find him at Brunswick entering upon his new duties. In the early fall of 1831, at the age of twenty-four years, he was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of his father's friend and neighbor, Judge Barrett Potter.



THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH

ERECTED ON SITE OF OLD MEETING-HOUSE

Mary Potter was one of the belles of the old town, which then as now was noted for its beautiful women. She was a member of the social circle in which the Longfellows moved, was highly educated, of pleasing personality and sweet temperament, possessed a mind of unusual power; and was in every way a fit companion for the talented young professor. Longfellow, it will be remembered, in his trip abroad, had mastered several languages so that he was able not only to read them, but to speak them fluently as well. Miss Potter was also proficient in several languages and was especially gifted in mathematics. It is said that she could calculate eclipses and was well versed in metaphysics. With her thoughtful blue eyes under a mass of rich dark hair she was said to have been lovely alike in body as well as mind.

Her character was no less beautiful than her person, and with a gentle and attractive disposition she made a most delightful impression on Brunswick society.

They were a tenderly devoted couple and believed and lived up to their belief that "home-

keeping hearts are happiest." Longfellow writes of the little elm sequestered house on Federal Street in which they went to housekeeping:—

"June 23. I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tesselated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun."

Their life in Brunswick was as ideal as one could imagine; and we have among the home lives of the famous men in literature no more pleasing example of love and devotion than theirs. One can imagine this young couple full of the enthusiasm of youth entering upon their housekeeping with real joy while

"Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests: they needs must be
Each other's own best company."

These were busy days for the young professor and his bride, and during this time Longfellow saw the city of his birth only during his vacation periods.

In April, 1835, Longfellow and his wife sailed for Europe, and while traveling there Mrs. Longfellow was taken ill at Rotterdam, Holland, and on the twenty-ninth day of November she died.

For several months Mr. Longfellow continued his travels through Europe, but nothing could dispel the gloom which had been cast over him by this sad event.

Four years later he commemorated the wife of his youth in the beautiful poem, entitled, "The Footsteps of Angels," the last five stanzas of which are quoted below:—

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes a vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

HOUSE IN WHICH THE PARENTS OF THE POET FIRST WENT HOUSEKEEPING

OPPOSITE FIRST PARISH CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE

One night many years after, and after a day of intense suffering, the poet lay awake unable to sleep. He writes in his diary, "At night, as I lie in bed a poem comes into my mind,—a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea.

> Siede la terra dove nato fui
> Sulla marina."

This quotation from Dante translated means,

> Sitteth the city wherein I was born
> Upon the seashore.

Under date of the 30th he makes a note to the effect that he has written the poem and has brought in two lines of the old Lapland Song,

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

With the death of Mary Potter Longfellow came the passing of Longfellow's youth, his lost

youth, which he has immortalized in one of his sweetest poems.

It is not the purpose of this work to tell of Longfellow's life in Cambridge, else we might say something of the succeeding years, and of the beautiful and accomplished woman, who seven years later became Longfellow's second wife, and of their happy life together with their three children, "grave Alice, Edith of the golden hair, and laughing Alegra."

Nor is it the purpose of this little book to tell of the heartbreaking tragedy that snatched the companion in his maturer years from his side in the prime of his ripening manhood.

The story of Longfellow's after life we will leave to his biographers and content ourselves with the history of his youth and of his life in the "city by the sea."

ZILPAH WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MOTHER OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"MY LOST YOUTH"

I

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN THAT IS SEATED BY THE SEA"

FROM FORT SUMNER PARK, PORTLAND, MAINE

II

I CAN see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

THE "ISLANDS THAT WERE THE HESPERIDES"

AS SEEN FROM THE ROOFS OF PORTLAND, MAINE

III

I REMEMBER the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"THE BLACK WHARVES AND THE SLIPS"

AN EVERY-DAY DOCK SCENE IN PORTLAND, MAINE

IV

I REMEMBER the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"THE FORT UPON THE HILL"

FORT ALLEN PARK, PORTLAND, MAINE

V

I REMEMBER the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"IN THEIR GRAVES O'ERLOOKING THE TRANQUIL BAY"

MONUMENTS TO THE "DEAD CAPTAINS," EASTERN CEMETERY, PORTLAND, MAINE

VI

I CAN see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"THE SHADOWS OF DEERING'S WOODS"

DEERING PARK, PORTLAND, MAINE

VII

I REMEMBER the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"AMONG THE DREAMS OF THE DAYS THAT WERE"

MIDDLE STREET IN 1841

VIII

THERE are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"STRANGE TO ME NOW ARE THE FORMS I MEET"

MIDDLE STREET IN 1866. JUST BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE

IX

STRANGE to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"THE TREES THAT O'ERSHADOW EACH WELL KNOWN STREET"

STATE STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE

X

AND Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"AND DEERING'S WOODS ARE FRESH AND FAIR"

DEERING PARK AS IT IS TO-DAY

"THE SEA FIGHT FAR AWAY"

"THE SEA FIGHT FAR AWAY"

BATTLE BETWEEN THE ENTERPRISE AND BOXER

"THE SEA FIGHT FAR AWAY"

NEAR the foot of Munjoy's Hill and surrounded on three sides by busy streets, and on the other by the playground of the old North School, is the oldest burying ground in Portland.

This ancient place of interment, known as the Eastern Cemetery, contains all that remains of many an old resident of the Forest City, and here and there among its rude head-stones may be found family names that are distinguished in the old town.

But among all the many tombstones, without doubt, the interest of the passing throng centers on those bearing the names of Lieutenant William Burrows, sometime commander of the American Brig Enterprise, and his adversary, Capt. Samuel Blyth of the British Brig Boxer, both of whom were killed in that famous naval battle off the Maine coast in September, 1813. This fight, which occurred when Longfellow was but six years old, made a deep impression on the

youthful mind of the poet, and is the "sea fight far away" to which he refers in the fifth stanza of his, "My Lost Youth."

The war of 1812, be it remembered, was brought on by England's arrogant insistence in boarding American vessels, and taking away American sailors, or any other sailors for that matter, that her naval officers saw fit, by merely claiming that they were English subjects.

It was necessary to put a stop to this practice in its incipiency, and the Enterprise with several other vessels were fitted out with crews and armament to look out for English privateers. Lieutenant William Burrows, who had served with Preble in the Constitution in the war with Tripoli, was put in command of the Enterprise, and on Sept. 5, 1813, engaged in battle with the Boxer. The vessels had hardly sighted each other when the stars and stripes were run to the top of each mast head of the American Brig, while the Union Jack was flung to the breeze from each topmast of the Britisher.

The story of what followed is so well told in Lieutenant F. Stanhope Hill's admirable mono-

graph, entitled, "The Lucky Little Enterprise," that the writer has taken the liberty of quoting directly from it.

"While the two vessels were standing out, the Enterprise leading, Lieutenant Burrows directed that one of the long nines should be brought aft and run out of a stern port in the poop cabin. As it was found that some of the fixtures interfered with getting a proper elevation on the gun, the Captain called the carpenter with his broad axe to cut away the woodwork. This attracted the attention of the crew, many of whom had been in the Enterprise for some time, and they got the idea that Burrows was arranging to run from the Englishman and use the stern chaser in defense. It was not until the first lieutenant relieved their minds on this point by the promise of a speedy fight with the enemy, that entire harmony was restored.

* * * *

"At 3 P. M. Burrows, having completed his preparations, shortened sail, tacked, and edged away toward the Boxer, the two vessels approaching on different tacks. At 3.20, they both

kept away, and as they ranged alongside, the Enterprise opened with her starboard and the Boxer with her port guns. The Enterprise drew ahead, keeping up her fire, and as she passed the Boxer's bow the helm was put a-starboard and she sheered across the Englishman's fore-foot, delivering the fire of the long nine, which had been run out of the cabin window, twice at half pistol shot distance, with telling effect.

"The Boxer then kept away and drew up on the quarter of the Enterprise, both vessels exchanging broadsides, but the American brig, keeping ahead of the antagonist, again sheered across the Boxer's fore-foot, and raked her with the long nine. At this time the Englishman's maintopmast came down, bringing with it the topsail yard, and the Enterprise holding her position continued the raking fire.

"Very early in the action Lieutenant Burrows had been mortally wounded by a musket ball, but the brave fellow had refused to be taken below, and throughout the action he was stretched on deck with a hammock beneath his head. As he fell, he cried to his first lieutenant, 'Never strike that flag!'

"Lieutenant Edward McCall, who assumed command, had never before been in action, but he proved fully equal to the occasion, and fought and manœuvred the vessel with great skill. At 4 P. M. the fire of the enemy ceased and a voice was heard hailing, 'We have surrendered.'

" 'Why don't you haul down your colors?' returned McCall, through his trumpet.

" 'We can't, sir; they are nailed to the mast,' was the reply.

"A boat was lowered, and McCall, boarding the Boxer, found that her commander, Captain Samuel Blyth, had been killed at the first broadside from the Enterprise, and that all in all the English had twenty-eight killed and fourteen wounded, while the Enterprise had but one killed and thirteen wounded, three of whom, however, died the next day.

"Captain Blyth, who was a very gallant officer, equally noted for his gentleness and humanity, had been one of the pall-bearers a few weeks before in Halifax at the funeral of Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake. Stimulated by the good fortune of Captain Broke of the Shannon,

Blyth had sailed in the Boxer in search of the Enterprise, expressing his determination to 'lead another Yankee into Halifax harbor.'

"When Lieutenant McCall returned to the Enterprise, he at once brought Blyth's sword to Burrows, who was still stretched out on deck where he had fallen. As the young commander grasped the sword in both his hands and pressed it to his breast, he murmured, 'I am satisfied.' Soon after his body was laid out in his own cabin, covered with the flag for which he had given up his life, 'a smile on his lips,' as one of the officers wrote to his wife. * *

"On September 7, after the arrival of the Enterprise at Portland with her prize, the bodies of the two commanders were brought on shore in ten-oared barges, rowed at minute strokes by masters of ships, and accompanied by a procession of almost all the barges and boats in the harbor. Minute guns were fired from the vessels, the same military ceremony was performed over each body, and the procession moved through the streets, preceded by the selectmen and municipal officers, and guarded by the officers and crew of the Enterprise and Boxer."

The procession took up its order of march to "the Rev. Mr. Payson's meeting house, where rites of sepulchre were performed," after which it continued to the Eastern cemetery where the bodies of the two commanders were buried side by side.

From an old book in the Willis collection at the Portland Public Library I found an account of the order of procession which was as follows:—

Military Escort,
Composed of a rifle company and two companies of infantry.
Selectmen of Portland.
Town Treasurer and Sheriff of the county.
Town Clerk and other municipal officers.
The Reverend Clergy.

Mr. Le Sassier, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Tillinghast,

Body of Burrowes.

Mr. Shields, Mr. Turner, Mr. M'Call.

Chief Mourners.
Dr. Washington, Capt. Hull.
Officers of the brig Enterprise.
Crew of the brig Enterprise.

Lemuel Weeks, jun. — William Merrill,
Seth Barnes, — Body of Blyth. — James Coombs,
Joshua Knights, — John Alden.

Officers of the brig Boxer, as mourners,
and officers on Parole.
Crew of the brig Boxer.
Officers of the United States Navy.
Ship Masters and Mates.
Marshall of Maine.
Navy Agent, and
The late Consul General to the Barbary Powers.
Collector of the Port, and Surveyor.
Superintendent General of Military Supplies.
Officers of the Army of the United States.
Military Officers of the state, in uniform.
Judges, and other Civil Officers of the United States.
Members of Congress.
Judiciary of the Commonwealth.
Members of the State Legislature.
Civil Officers of the State.
Portland Marine Society.
Presidents, Directors, and Officers of the Banks, and Insurance Offices.
Citizens in general.

From the same:

"The funeral was attended with all the honours that the civil and military authorities of the place, and the great body of people could bestow. The whole scene was strikingly impressive. The bells were tolled, and two companies of artillery fired minute guns, which were repeated from forts Preble and Scammel.

"Lieut. Burrows was a young man of uncommon worth. He was the son of Col. Burrows, of South Carolina, formerly of the marine corps. He lived with honour and died with glory. By his early death his country has lost an able commander, and his two surviving sisters, a brother, whose excellencies they will never cease to remember. He was intelligent, intrepid, generous and humane. He was ambitious to add lustre to the American navy, and eagerly rushed into a combat, which issued in a signal victory over a superior force."

Side by side in the cemetery under the hill, are the graves of the three brave young officers who fought so gallantly on that September afternoon, Capt. Samuel Blyth of the Boxer, and Lieut. William Burrows and Lieut. Kerwin Waters of the Enterprise. The inscription on Capt. Blyth's monument is as follows:—

In Memory
of
Captain Samuel Blyth
late Commander
of
His Britannic Majesty's Brig Boxer.
He nobly fell
On the 5th day of September 1813
In action
With the U. S. Brig Enterprise,
In life Honourable.
In death glorious.

His Country will long deplore one of her bravest sons.
His friends long lament one of the best of men.
Æt. 29

The surviving officers of his crew offer this feeble tribute of admiration and respect.

while that on Lieut. Burrows' reads:

Beneath this Stone
moulders
the body
of
WILLIAM BURROWS
late commander
of the
United States Brig Enterprise
who was mortally wounded
on the 5th of Sept. 1813

in an action which contributed
to increase the fame of
American valor, by capturing
his Britannic Majesty's
Brig Boxer
after severe contest of
forty-five minutes.
Æt. 28

A passing stranger has erected this
monument of respect to the name of
a patriot, who in the hour of peril
obeyed the loud summons of an injured
country, and who gallantly met,
fought and conquered
the foeman.

The monument to Lieut. Kerwin Waters on which is engraved a fitting tribute to his memory, bears the statement that it was erected to him "by the young men of Portland."

Such was the battle that stirred up the inhabitants of those early days and gave Portland a place in the history of the last war we ever had with Great Britain. It was the decisive naval battle of the war of 1812 and Congress had a medal struck in honor of its hero, the young Commander of the Enterprise, Lieutenant William Burrows.

One of the flags of the old Enterprise now rests in a glass cabinet in one of the upper chambers of the Wadsworth-Longfellow House on Congress Street in Portland, where it is seen by thousands of summer visitors annually. It is said to be the second oldest American flag in existence. Its dingy colors give no hint of its former brightness of hue on that bright September afternoon, when it was flung to the breeze in all its glory. Its crimson is dulled by time and by smoke of battles, but it is all the more sacred because of its associations and no matter what its condition, it is the "stars and stripes forever."

For the benefit of those who are interested the *official account* of the battle is here appended:

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT
UNITED STATES BRIG ENTERPRISE

PORTLAND, Sept. 7, 1813.

SIR:—

In consequence of the unfortunate death of Lieut. William Burrows, late commander of this vessel, it devolves on me to acquaint you with the result of the cruise. After sailing from

Portsmouth on the 1st inst., we steered to the eastward, and on the morning of the 3rd, off Wood Island, discovered a schooner which we chased into this harbor, where we anchored. On the morning of the 4th, weighed anchor and swept out and continued our course to the eastward. Having received information of several privateers being off Manhagan we stood for that place; and on the following morning in the bay near Penguin Point, discovered a brig getting underway, which appeared to be a vessel of war, and to which we immediately gave chase. She fired four guns and stood for us, having four ensigns hoisted. After reconnoitering and discovering her force and the nation to which she belonged, we hauled into the wind to stand out of the bay, and at three o'clock shortened sail, tacked to run down, with an intention to bring her to close action. At twenty minutes after three P. M., when within half pistol shot, the firing commenced from both, and after being warmly kept up and with some manœuvering the enemy hailed and said she had surrendered. It would be doing injustice to the merit of Mr. Tillinghast, 2nd Lieut., were I not to mention the able assistance I received from him during the remainder of the engagement, by his strict attention to his own division and other departments, and of the officers and crew generally, I am happy to add, their cool and determined conduct have my warmest approbation and applause.

As no muster roll that can be fully relied on has come into my possession, I cannot exactly state the number killed and wounded on board

the Boxer, but from about 4 P. M. their colors being nailed to the masts, could not be hauled down. She proved to be his Britanic Majesty's Brig Boxer, of fourteen guns. Samuel Blyth, Esq., commander, who fell in the early part of the engagement, having received a cannon shot through the body, and I am sorry to add, that Lieut. Burrows, who had gallantly led us into action, fell also about the same time, by a musket ball which terminated his existence in eight hours.

The Enterprise suffered much in spars, rigging and hull, having many shots between wind and water. Information received from the officers of the vessel, it appears there were between twenty and thirty-five killed and fourteen wounded.

Enclosed is a list of the killed and wounded on board the Enterprise. I have the honor to be, etc.,

EDWARD R. MCCALL,
Senior Officer.

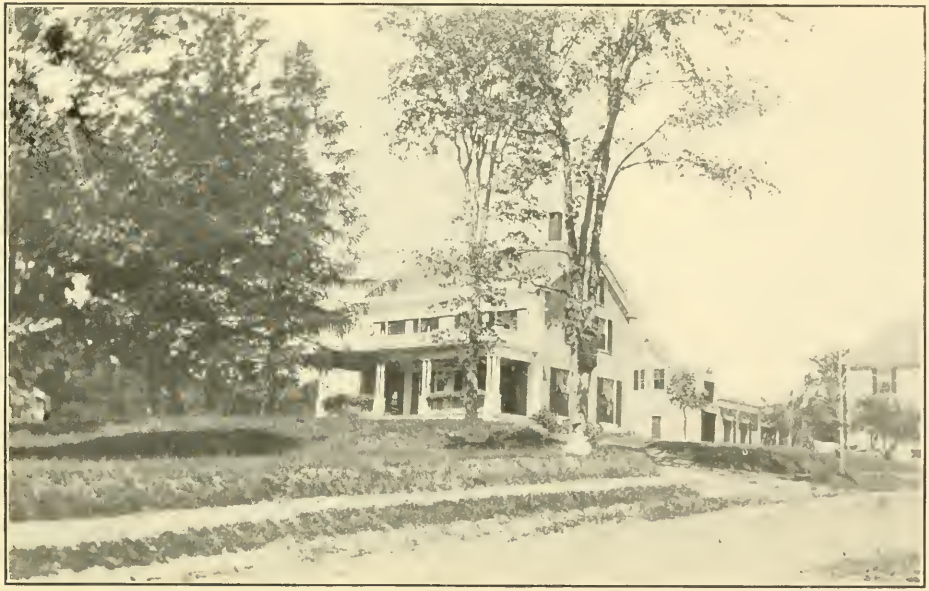
ISAAC HULL,
Commanding Naval Officer on the Eastern Station.

The battle between the Enterprise and Boxer has never been accorded the place in history that it deserves. The principle involved and decided by this engagement, the skillfulness and undaunted bravery and heroism of those engaged

in the combat, have been overshadowed by the more conspicuous events and incidents of those stirring times; and yet it is hard to find among the naval movements in the history of the times a single engagement that gave to our country more fruitful results.

Let us when we visit the graves of these commanders, who fell in opposing causes, remember that each fought for his country and that it is to such as Burrows and other patriots of his day that we owe the existence and independence of our great republic.

"HIGHFIELD"



"HIGHFIELD"

THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW'S BROTHER, ALEXANDER LONGFELLOW

"HIGHFIELD"

OUT on what was sometime known as the Saccarappa Road, at the top of a high hill overlooking the city of Portland, formerly stood, in the middle of a broad field, a quaint old house painted yellow and of the style of construction known as the "story and a half" type. Its walls were covered with pine clapboards, its heavy overhanging eaves gave it a look of singularly good proportion, and its wide trimmings of the colonial style put it down for the period of ante bellum architecture.

The house set well back from the main road, and like all desirably situated houses of that period it faced the south, or to be more exact, the southwest.

In front of its wide portico, for in those days the house had no piazza, stood three tall trees as straight and as perfectly tapering as if they had been trained from seedlings.

The middle one, a giant spruce, so tall that its apex could be easily distinguished above the surrounding tree tops from any of the vantage

points in the city, was flanked on either side by a nearly as tall, and an equally graceful tamarack.

It was a custom in early New England days to plant three trees in front of the spot marked out for the habitation of the owner; but why, I have never been able to ascertain, though I have often thought that owing to the superstitions of the times it was as a sign to bring good luck or possibly to keep witches away. The house seemed to be planted in the midst of a wild tangle of crimson and yellow ramblers, flowering grape vines and profusely blooming sweet-scented white lilac trees.

From its huge windows on its easterly side could be seen the tall spires of the meeting houses "in town," the observatory on the hill, and various other buildings that loomed up above the green dome of Deering's woods which lay between this antiquated house and the city. From these windows also could easily be seen, above the dip in the sky line of Portland, the blue of the waters of Casco Bay and the masts and spars of various incoming and outgoing craft in the harbor beyond.

THE "WASHINGTON ELM"
AT "HIGHFIELD"

On account of its elevated position as well as the nature of the land that surrounded it, the house was first called by the poet, Henry W. Longfellow, by the appropriate name of "Highfield."

Such was the home of Alexander Longfellow, the brother of the poet, and such was the place which Longfellow visited many a time in his annual vacations to Portland. It was one of the poet's favorite spots,—a place where he could always find rest. In truth, that one could always sleep at Highfield, was and always has been traditional.

Longfellow loved this spot, and in the year 1852 he cut from the Washington Elm in Cambridge a slip of that famous tree and sent it to his brother, Alexander, to be planted at Highfield. That this tree was carefully nurtured by the former master of Highfield, its straight growth and healthy appearance give ample evidence.

It was not until sometime after the writer had purchased Highfield, that he learned of the existence of this historic tree, and then, because of

there being several sizable elms on the place, it was necessary to know precisely which was the one with the history.

In order to ascertain the facts, a visit to the brother of the poet, who then resided on South Street, was made. This visit was just prior to the death of Alexander Longfellow and was full of interest. The poet's brother loved the old place. I believe the last drive he took (a few days later) was to look at Highfield and its historic elm. I remember well the solicitude with which he inquired about the tree and asked that it should be always carefully guarded, for Highland Street had but recently been cut through to Brighton Avenue, and so close did it come to the street line that it was found necessary in grading the sidewalk to cut away some of the root branches; and in fact it had been with a great deal of difficulty that an over zealous representative of the city's street department, armed with his petty authority, had been dissuaded from his original purpose of cutting so close as to permanently injure if not ruin the life of the tree.

How much can be undone in almost a single moment by one unthinking person of destructive propensities, even to the taking away of the life of a thing another has spent half a century of love and labor in bringing to maturity!

It was but a short time after this visit that a suitable tablet was placed on this tree by the writer, after having been first submitted to the poet's brother for his approval. This tablet which marks the tree to-day reads as follows:

THIS TREE
A SCION OF THE
WASHINGTON ELM
IN CAMBRIDGE
WAS SENT AS A SLIP
BY THE POET
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
TO HIS BROTHER
AND PLANTED HERE
BY HIM IN
1852.

That the view from Highfield was the inspiration of at least one of Longfellow's poems is a pleasant thing to record. In fact, it has been the inspiration of many other, though less gifted

persons, some of whom had not the art of expression in verse.

Standing on the site of this historic building, and looking eastward over the "shadowy crown" of trees, one can readily believe that the verses by Longfellow to which he gave the title, "Changed," were inspired, if not actually written during one of the poet's visits to Highfield.

The poem is here given in full:

CHANGED

From the outskirts of the town,
  Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
  Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
  Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
  By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
  Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me

Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run!

Indeed, under date of August 28, 1860, he makes the following entry in his journal:

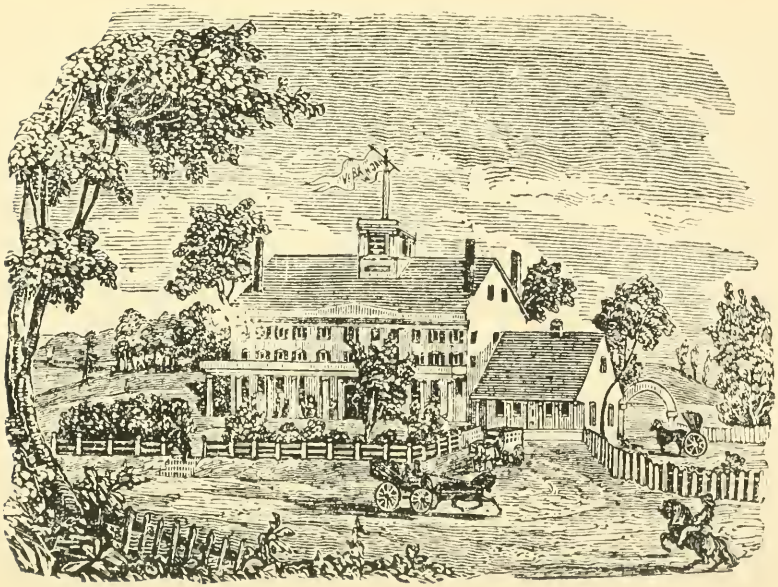
"PORTLAND. This has become to me a land of ghosts and shadows. Within two years people have grown so much older, and so many have departed. Fessenden, I find buried in politics; John Neal, a good deal tempered down, but fire enough still. Mrs. M—, my mother's friend, eighty years old, sitting in white, stone blind! Drove to *Highfield* in the morning and in the afternoon returned to Nahant."

One can easily imagine from the entry of this date in the journal that the poet was filled with somber thoughts as he contemplated in his mind the changes that had been going on among his friends while his eyes gazed on the shadowy crown of the "dark and haunted wood," with the city and the sea beyond. The mile-stone, or the stone which marked the former boundary line of Portland, was within sight of Highfield.

Dear old Highfield! After having withstood the storms of more than half a century, and after having outlived both its former master and his distinguished brother, it at last succumbed to that fiercest of the elements, fire. Its occupants were awakened one night by the sound of fire crackling within its walls and in a few hours it had been entirely consumed by the hungry flames. To-day nothing remains to mark the spot except the crumbling walls of its old cellar, the lilac bushes and vines running wild about the place; the tall trio of sentinels that marked its location from distant points; the scion of the old elm in Cambridge, and other stately though less historic trees that had been planted there by its former owner.

Peace to its ashes!

THE VERANDAH — EVANGELINE



THE VERANDAH IN 1847

Courtesy of Portland Directory Co.

THE VERANDAH—EVANGELINE

OF all the places in the city by the sea that have been made sacred by memories of the poet Longfellow, perhaps none has retained more of its primitive loveliness or has parted with less of its old time appearance, than has the peninsula, where was formerly located the famous old hostelry known as "the Verandah," and on which is now standing the handsome brick edifice erected by the United States Government for a Marine Hospital.

Here, unlike many of the spots that are hallowed by association, there is very little change in the immediate environment of the scene.

The birthplace of the poet, which formerly fronted on a beautiful beach is now surrounded by tall grain elevators, tumble down tenements and noisy engines of trade and industry. The home of his youth, once set among handsome residences, flowering gardens and growing oak trees with the soft wind sighing through their tops, is now keeping company with huge depart-

ment stores and busy hostelries, while the clang, clang of the trolley cars, the noisy rattling of heavy drays over the cobbled pavements and the honk of the swishing automobiles fill the air. Even the one time shipyards that lined the harbor have given way to the huge wharves and warehouses of the transatlantic steamships.

But while the growth of the city is fast encroaching upon the outskirts of the peninsula on which formerly stood this famous old hotel, the immediate surroundings are as yet unchanged. That the Verandah was, for the times, a famous "Watering Place," will be seen from an old advertisement which is set forth below:

THE VERANDAH

> At Oak Grove, two miles from Portland, Me., a new and Splendid Establishment, built expressly for a first class Hotel and Watering Place, is now opened for the season.
>
> It stands on a bold peninsula, bounded by Presumpscot River and by Casco Bay, whose hundred green islands breaking the surface of the ocean waters, are fulling in sight.

THE MARINE HOSPITAL

BUILT ON THE FORMER SITE OF THE VERANDAH

For natural beauty and richness and variety of scenery it is not surpassed.

Omnibi and carriages at the depot and the steamboats to take passengers to the Verandah for 25c per seat. It is one of the most desirable places of resort in the country for the invalid, the lover of fine scenery and pure air.

J. KINGSBURY.

J. Kingsbury, it might be not out of place to state, was proprietor of the Old Elm Tavern, until 1847, when, in this year, he went forth to try his luck in the new "watering place."

It was to this famous hotel that Longfellow was driven by Peter Bab in his famous omnibus, Mazzeppa, on the morning of July 15th of the year of its opening, 1847.

This Peter Bab, by the way, deserves more than passing mention, at least, Longfellow seemed to think so, for in an extract from his diary under date of July 28th, he gives a picturesque description of the little red-faced stage driver.

If one has the opportunity to shake off for a

few hours the hurry which seems to be innoculated in all Americans of to-day, and can take with him a book to this lovely spot some sunny afternoon in July, he can appreciate more fully the poet's feelings as he sat dreaming under the great oak trees of the Verandah, unable to read,—overcome by the "seaside drowsiness and dreaminess" which stole over him.

Here is what he says of it:

"(July) 16th (1847). * * * I sat gazing at the silvery sea and the crowd of sails making seaward or landward in the offing, between the mainland and the islands. Birds were singing all about, strange sound by the sea. * * *

"18th. How lovely the view of the harbor, the pearly sea with its almost irresistible attraction drawing me into it. A whole fleet of vessels in the horizon, looking in the vapory distance like the spires and towers of a great city. Bathed before breakfast in the sea.

"The rain is over, the tide is rising. One by one the banks of sea-shells and the brown weed-covered rocks have disappeared, and the ships

have sailed away from the mouth of the harbor, and the city by the sea has sunk into its depths.

* * * *

"19th. * * * walked out again over the bridge and across the fields. Found a lovely site for a house. At sunset walked on the bridge with F. Saw the fish leap out, and the screaming king-fishers shoot under the bridge and away seaward. The gurgling of the tide among the wooden piers was the only other sound. Coming back through the grove, we heard the evening gun from the fort; and the islands seized the sound and tossed it further and further off, till it died away in a murmur.

"23d. This harbor mouth is always a charming sight to me; the gateway of the sea. * * *

"Drove * * after tea, in the sunset; a lovely daylight and moonlight mingling. Walked on the bridge with F.— A fat man fishing for cunners, and sundry sculpins giving up the ghost in the moon. We leaned for a while on the wooden rail, and enjoyed the silvery reflection on the sea, making sundry comparisons. Among other thoughts we had this cheering one,—that

the whole sea was flashing with this heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are the dark providences of God; luminous though not to us; and even to ourselves in another position. * * *

"31st. * * * * It has been raining all day. Now it holds up, and the heavy sea-mist rolls away. The tide is low. White sea-gulls sitting on the flats with a long reflection therein. Sunset like a conflagration. Walk on the bridge, both ends of which are lost in the fog like human life midway between two eternities; beginning and ending in mist."

This visit, while full of rest and enjoyment to the poet, was not given over wholly to recreation, for while here he revised and corrected the proof sheets of a large part of Evangeline.

Among the many entries in his journal at this time are these lines which were inspired by the tides flowing under Martin's Point Bridge, near the Verandah. I do not find them in his published works, though they are printed in his journal under date of August 18th. This might be called distinctly a Portland poem and could be properly named, "The Tides."

THE TIDES

"O faithful, indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands go,—
Now seaward, bearing tidings of the land,
Now landward, bearing tidings of the sea,—
And filling every frith and estuary,
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,
Each thread and filament of water-courses,
Full with your ministration of delight!
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge,
I see you come and go; sometimes in haste
To reach your journey's end, which being done
With feet unrested ye return again
And re-commence the never-ending task;
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,
And fretted only by the impeding rocks."

Gone is the "Verandah," with its old associations; gone, too, alas, the poet who gave to the world so much; but always will run the "indefatigable tides," and always will live in the hearts of those who read the sweet and enduring verses of the poet, the love for the Meistersinger.

THE ROPEWALK AND KERAMOS

THE ROPEWALK AND KERAMOS

"In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
  Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin
  Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

"At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
  Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
  All its spokes are in my brain.

"As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
  Gleam the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
  By the busy wheel are spun."

SUCH is the picture of the old ropewalk the poet has left us, and as he watches the spinners and listens to the drowsy whir of the wheel, he paints the scenes that come before his mind as in a dream. Two laughing maidens, clasping with gentle hands

the twisted strands as they swing; the girl in spangled dress, with a "faded loveliness," poised aloft on the tight rope; the bare armed woman drawing water from the old farm well; the old bell ringer in the tower, "ringing loud the noon-tide hour;" the hard, stern face of the criminal at the gallows-tree; the eager school-boy with his kite; the full rigged ships sailing in the breeze or with anchors dragging through the sand: these are the scenes which the dreamer has not only dreamed himself, but of which he has given us a picture that we may behold as plainly as did he on the occasion of his visit to the old ropewalk.

Just which of the old ropewalks the poet wrote of is a mooted question. From various sources we learn of the location of the numerous ropewalks in the old town. From an old directory we have it that Horton & Trowbridge's ropewalk and candle factory, at 408 Congress Street, was destroyed by fire on the night of October 15, 1844. The number 408 conveys nothing definite as to location as the old way of numbering has long been replaced by a much less antiquated

system than originally existed. We learn, however, that Horton & Trowbridge's ropewalk was located at what is now the West End, at or near the corner of Congress and Huntress Streets, a few hundred feet west of the present Union Station. From Elwell's *Boys of Thirty-five* we learn of a twine factory or ropewalk then standing on Fore Street, while on a map of Portland, made in 1834, the locations of two other ropewalks are delineated; one at the foot of Parris Street and the other on the east side of Back Cove. The last ropewalk was known as "Hammond's Ropewalk," and was built in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was sold to Hammond by one Thomas Cross in 1825, and was destroyed by fire December 1, 1847. It stood on the slope of the hill below the Westerly side of Washington Avenue and on the shore of Back Cove, nearly over to Tukey's Bridge.

The process of making the ropes was extremely interesting. The small ropes were spun by hand on the second story, while the hawsers or large ropes, such as were then in common use on sailing vessels for hoisting anchors, were twisted on the first floor by horse power.

Yet another ropewalk and without doubt one of the most prosperous ones, was the one known as "Billy Gray's Ropewalk." This was probably one of the first to be erected in the old town and was owned by one William Gray of Boston, a Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, an officer of considerable means and some repute.

This building, "long and low," extended along the westerly side of Park Street, formerly called Ann Street, from Congress to Gray Street, on the land now occupied by the Lafayette Hotel and the Park St. block. As this ropewalk is said to have been demolished in 1829, when Spring Street was laid through the "Billy Gray lot," it is probable that Longfellow saw little of it unless it may have been in his youth. I find a reference to yet another old ropewalk in Parson Dean's Journal, where, in a footnote to an entry under date of July 2, 1785, there is mention of one John Goodhue, who had a walk on Spring Street. This was before the poet's time, however.

It seems more likely that the ropewalk that inspired the poem of that name, the adherents of

the belief that it was the ropewalk at Charlestown, Mass., to the contrary, was the Hammond ropewalk near Tukey's Bridge, in Portland. As this building was not destroyed until the winter following Longfellow's visit to the Verandah and as it lay directly in the travelled road from the Verandah to Portland, it is likely that the poet honored this particular ropewalk with a visit on the occasion of one of his tramps to town, though we find by consulting his journal that the poem was not written until seven years later.

The homely pictures which the poet presents in *The Ropewalk,* are such scenes as the common people love. The simplicity of the poem appeals to the popular taste as well as to that of the more cultivated.

In *Keramos,* we have one of Longfellow's most ambitious shorter poems. In direct contrast to the poem we have been discussing, *Keramos* shows the scholarly side of the poet. Twenty-three years elapsed between the time *The Ropewalk* was written (1854) and the time *Keramos* was produced (1877). These two

poems though similar in character, are treated in widely different manner. Each takes a simple subject for its theme and proceeds to call before the mind, pictures, pleasant and otherwise, of the uses to which the products of the subject treated are used; the first, of the different uses to which hemp is put; the second, of the different purposes for which clay is used. Simplicity is the keynote of *The Ropewalk*, scholarly treatment, that of *Keramos*.

While there may have been some diversity of opinion as to the location of the building that suggested the verses called *The Ropewalk*, there is none as to the location of the old pottery which inspired "Keramos."

At the head of Potter's Lane, as it is still called, was located the old pottery of Jeremiah Dodge & Son. Like many another of the simple pursuits of a generation or two ago the Potter has been superseded by the Pottery, the Individual by the Corporation or Trust, and this simple and pleasing vocation which is almost as old as agriculture itself, is fast losing its poetic side by the introduction of labor-saving ma-

chinery. Primitive indeed were the methods of only one generation gone!

Keramos opens with the Potter singing at his wheel, and after a few lines of his song, follows this picture:

"Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry.
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood

He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune betwen the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude."

Where once the Potter pedalled his whispering wheel and guided the shapes that rose to his hand, while the shadows of the hawthorne wove the "tapestried figures" on his homespun coat, and the odor of the blossoming tree filled the air with its sweet perfume, there remains little now to inspire one to such thoughts as the poet so beautifully expressed in *Keramos*,—for Potter's Lane is now one of the streets in the city which one never visits except from necessity. There is hardly a street or lane in the old town to-day which is less inviting. But let us stop for a moment to view it in imagination, at least, even though we do not care to linger on the spot where the old wheel once turned.

Standing by the poet's side we see the Potter engaged in his daily task, and had we the poet's vision we might be transported with him to the foreign climes where the Potter's Art is exhibited at its best.

As the Potter sings, the poet sees in that "land of sluices, dikes and dunes," which comes before his mind, the "pretty town of Delft," where has been produced since 1310 that fascinating white ware with blue figures, wonderfully designed, and whose floors and walls are covered with be-figured tiles in the same unvarying colors; and as the song of the Potter changes, so the mind of the poet reverts to that sunny land lying to the south,—France. Here at Saintes, the capital of the old province of Saintonge, on the river Charente, he sees the inspired Palissy moving heaven and earth and sacrificing his worldly goods and comforts to attain the wonderful glaze which now bears his name; he, who, while he was striving for the great result, was scorned and despised as a fanatic, but who fortunately lived to be honored in his own lifetime. As Longfellow so beautifully expressed it, his was

> "the divine
> Insanity of noble minds,
> That never falters nor abates,
> But labors and endures and waits,
> Till all that it foresees it finds,
> Or what it cannot find creates!"

As the song changes again, the poet finds himself transported to Spain,—to Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles, the home of the marvelous Majolica and Raphael ware, noted for its simplicity of coloring and beauty of design; and thence to the "land of Italy," where Gubbio wrought in royal tints to emulate the wonderful colorings of the Faience ware and the productions of the potteries of Florence and Pesaro, and where Giorgio wove his designs of "birds and fruit and flowers and leaves" about the faces of beautiful women and lovely landscapes: and then to the Southern part of ancient Italy where in Apulia, the poet sees many of the wonderful vases and urns which have been dug from the earth on the site of this old Greek settlement on Roman shores. Rare and cherished are these products of this highly civilized colony.

Again the song of the Potter changes and again the thoughts of Longfellow drift to the southward. This time to Egypt, that ancient land of antiquated and clumsy mechanical devices that can hardly be said to have attained the dignity of machinery. Here, he calls up the

picture of a walled city with its mosques and minarets and sees the Potter with his rude contrivance of a wheel turned by hand as in the days before Christianity began, working clumsily at vases of enormous size and ugly patterns.

As the song changes again, he sees the town of King-te-chin, that wonderful Chinese city in the Kiang-se province, with its thousands of furnaces, whose fragile though gorgeous ware, is found in every part of the globe. This once famous city of 500,000 population now lies in ruins, for King-te-chin, together with the famous porcelain tower of Nankin, were destroyed during the Tai ping insurrection.

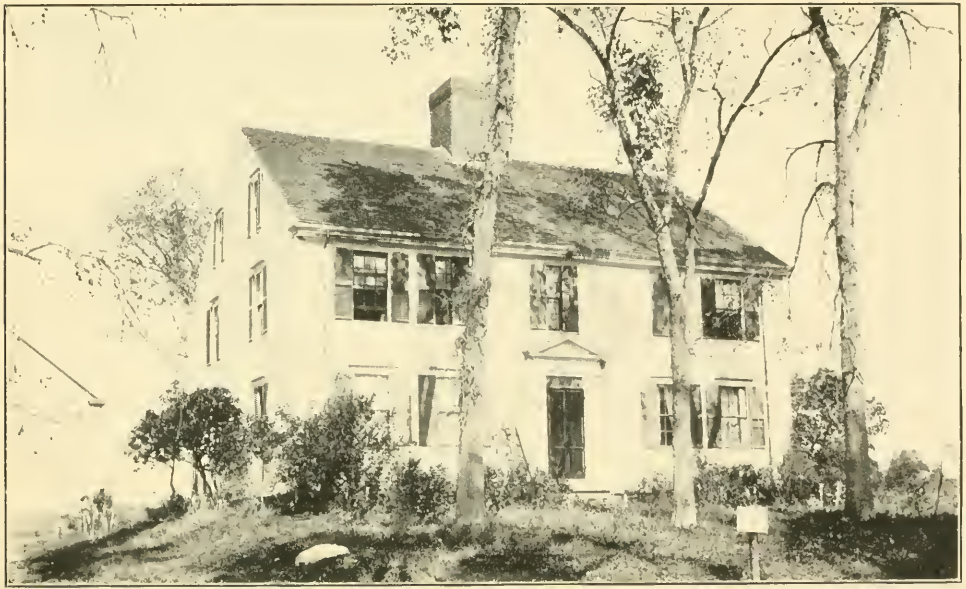
Here at King-te-chin was manufactured the familiar "willow ware" of our grandmother's days, on whose shiny surface, in Chinese art, sans perspective, is depicted the sorrowful tale of little Ko-ong-see and Chang, her lover, who came to a sad fate at the instigation of the wicked old mandarin. How many, I wonder, who have eaten from the old willow dinner plates, remember this once familiar story!

As the song changes for the last time, the

dreamer sees Japan, whose brilliantly colored jars, vases and table ware, depict the scenes and figures so dear to the heart of the Japanese; Fujiyama, the sacred mountain; the sunset; the stork; the heron; and the crane; and as the dream ends, he muses, and the thoughts given out in the following lines seem to me to picture that secret of Longfellow's successful hold on the people,—Truth to nature. Here are his words, before the wheel stops turning:

"He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own Fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet
And follows fearless where she leads."

"LONGFELLOW ELMS"



"LONGFELLOW ELMS"

HOME OF THE POET'S PATERNAL GRANDPARENTS, GORHAM, MAINE

"LONGFELLOW ELMS"

THE picturesque town of Gorham, Maine, lies about nine miles west of Portland, as the County Road winds up over "Highfield Hill" and out through Saccarappa Village; and its Normal School buildings together with its tall water tower on the hill, are, on a clear day, conspicuous objects on the horizon from some of the higher altitudes of Portland.

"Longfellow Elms," a two-mile drive from Gorham Corner, was the home of Longfellow's paternal grandparents. Here, the youthful Longfellow spent many of those weekly and fortnightly vacations that occurred during his early school years.

Standing before the splendidly proportioned frame building that formerly served as the home of Judge Longfellow, it does not take a very great stretch of the imagination to recall the picture of the village street as it was in the days of the elderly judge.

Beneath the overhanging boughs of the graceful elms which lined either side of the street,

and which had been set out by the judge himself, were the narrow earth-worn and delightful paths that served the village as sidewalks.—On the one side was the fine old homestead around the base of which, then as now, lovingly twined the sweet briers and damask rose and cinnamon bushes, which were set out by Patience Longfellow, the judge's wife; while close against it, grew the syringa bushes and white lilacs, which to-day give out as sweet and fragrant odors as in the days when the old manse sheltered its original occupants.

Across the road was the blacksmith's shop, in front of which it was no uncommon sight to see standing the old carts, while the farm horses or ox team were being shod; while in the doorway stood the children watching the flying sparks from the anvil with as keen an interest as present day children are wont to exhibit in this fascinating occupation.

From here also views could be had of the picturesque bridge which crossed the brook a short distance away, and a glimpse, at the turn of the road, of the schoolhouse of "forlorn

pattern" which has since been superseded by a modern structure known as the "Longfellow Schoolhouse;" while perhaps one might have seen the judge himself walking down the road, or getting onto the stage to make the necessary journey to attend court in the neighboring town, "a fine looking gentleman with the bearing of the old-school, an erect, portly figure, rather tall, wearing the old style dress, long coated small clothes and white topped boots, his hair tied behind in a club with black ribbon."

We have, unfortunately, no picture of Mistress Patience, Henry's grandmother, but who can think of her as other than as a sweet faced and sweet voiced little lady whose serene mind was fully equal to the household duties and social requirements of that day; and who is there that cannot see her as she was then dressed in the costume, or to go back, according to the "custom" of the times, with the low cut bodice and "tuck-up," while around her neck and shoulders a tucker, perhaps "of rich Dresden lace softened the contour of the figure,"—the graceful hanging skirt,—the white ruffled cap that imparted dignity on occasion?

On many an evening, during those delightful days when Henry was allowed to visit the old place, he sat listening in breathless attention while the judge narrated stories of the wars, of the Indian fights, of the burning of the distant town by the British, and the legends of the time. That the effect of these impressions on the mind of at least one youthful hearer was not lost, some of the songs of the poet in after life give ample evidence. Who knows but Hiawatha may have had its beginnings in the early stories of his grandfather Longfellow?

Day after day he would wander with his playmates through the woods, gun in hand, happy hearted, care free, laughter loving, a delightful companion; but it was for the freedom of the woods, and the joy of being out in them with his companions, not for the sport that the others found pleasure in, that he cared.

Curtis River, about a mile away from the homestead, was the scene of many a visit of the little fellow, who, if he did not care for game, liked to go a-fishing. Of this river, in his college days, he writes in *The Angler's Song*,

which was first printed in the *U. S. Literary Gazette* and was afterwards reprinted in an anthology which was published in 1826.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

From the river's plashy bank
Where the sedge grows green and rank
And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud—and hark!
On his way the woodman sings.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds
In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Thro' its shallows and still deeps,
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high
Underneath the oak I lie,
As it shades the water's edge;
And I mark my line away
In the wheeling eddy play,
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
And the wind sighs o'er the lea,
Woods and streams, I leave you then,
While the shadows in the glen
Lengthen by the greenwood tree.

When Henry was older, but while he was still in school, he drove occasionally to Sebago Lake, where, with his friends, he tempted the gamy salmon, much as the present day devotees of Izaak Walton are still wont to do. Here he played among the granite boulders and in the strange cave in which the youthful but solitary Hawthorne found enjoyment. These boulders, known as the "Images" from the peculiar Indian characters depicted on their surface, are among the chief items of interest to the tourist who takes the trip by steamer up Sebago Lake. The hieraglyphics or images are supposed to tell a sad but tragic tale of the love of an Indian maiden and a brave chief who, forbidden by the tenets of his tribe to marry, one night went with her in a canoe to the middle of the lake, and neither were ever seen again.

Across the lake tourists enter the mouth of the sinuous Songo, a river so narrow, that at times it seems as if the steamer must run into the opposite shore as it comes to a bend. So winding is it that it appears to be a veritable maze, and so clear, that the reflections of the trees and shrubs along its bank are reflected so plainly that in several photographs taken at one time by the writer, it was almost impossible to tell which was the shore and which was the reflection. So many bends there are and so many picturesque surprises await the traveler that at many a turn it brings forth an involuntary "O" or "Ah" from the beholder. It is one of the "little rivers" that would delight the heart of a Henry Van Dyke, and for condensed beauty of nature it is without a rival in this part of the country.

Who is there who is not familiar with Longfellow's beautiful description of the Songo River beginning,

"Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,

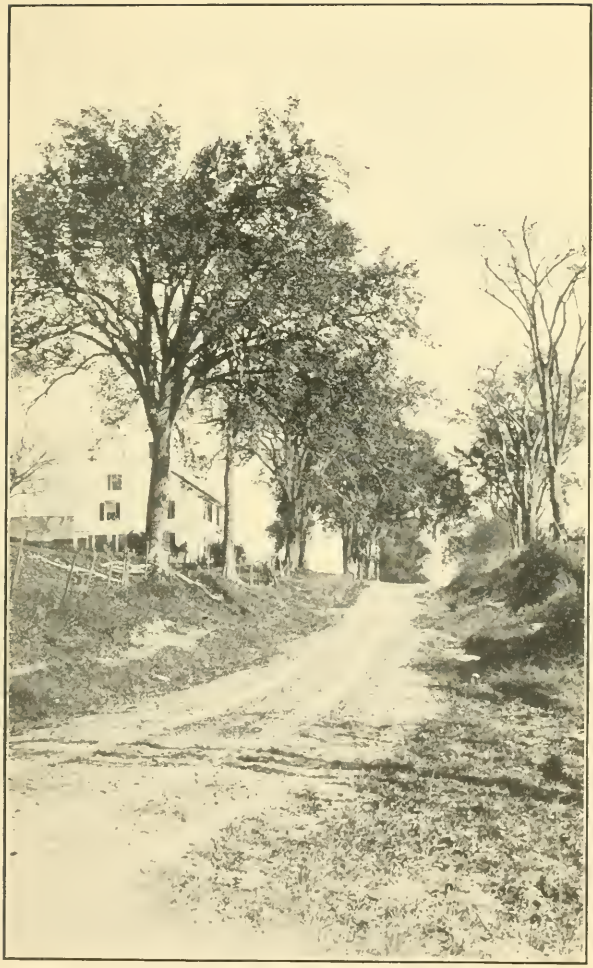
Winding slow through bush and brake
Links together lake and lake.

"Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it scarcely seems to flow."

It is hardly probable that Longfellow did not go up the Songo River when a boy on his semi-annual visits to Sebago Lake, but the verses which have made it famous were not written until he had nearly reached the age allotted by scripture of "three score years and ten."

So will the mind of man revert to his youth, and if he is gifted in expression so will the thought and pictures of the places visited in his early life be given to the world in his advancing years.

The Longfellow Farm at Gorham was a favorite haunt of all the Longfellow boys in their youth, and the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the youngest brother of the poet, at the age of twenty, wrote the following verses on the occasion of a visit to the home of his grandparents



"WHERE THE EMBRACING IVY HOLDS
CLOSE THE HOAR ELM IN ITS FOLDS."

THE LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD, GORHAM, MAINE

at the end of his college career. The last of the old people had departed this life nine years before, but the old place still remained within the possession of the Longfellow family.

Who is there among us who can look with indifference on the picture of the old homestead that the poet has drawn?

THE HOMESTEAD

By Samuel Longfellow.

Home of my fathers! once again
I stand beneath the shade
Of those ancestral trees where once
A dreamy child I played.
Those ancient elms still o'er thy roof
Their sheltering branches spread;
But they who loved their pleasant shade
In heavenly places tread.

No longer at the window now
Their friendly glance I catch,
No longer hear, as I approach,
The sound of lifted latch;
The ready hand which once threw wide
The hospitable door,—

I know its warm and hearty grasp
Still answers mine no more.

The red rose by the window still
Blooms brightly as of old;
The woodbines still around the door
Their shining leaves unfold.
The pale syringa scents the air
Through the long summer hours;
But ah! the old beloved hands
No longer pluck their flowers.

I wander where the little brook
Still keeps its tranquil flow,
Where blooms the crimson cardinal,
And golden lilies glow,
Or, crossing o'er the wooden bridge,
I loiter on my way,
To watch where, in the sunny depths,
The darting minnows play.

That little bridge, the vine-clad elms
That guarded either end,—
Oh, with that spot how many dreams,
How many memories blend!
When summer suns at morning kissed
The dew from grass and flower,
I've wandered there; and lingered long
At evening's holy hour.

Still, as each spring returns, those trees
Put on their garments green;
And still in summer hues arrayed
Those blooming flowers are seen;
And when the autumn winds come down
To wrestle with the wood,
The gold and crimson leaves are shed
To float along the flood.

Thus seasons pass, and year on year
Follows with ceaseless pace;
Though all things human change or die,
Unchanged is Nature's face.
Yet, when these well-remembered scenes
Before my vision glide,
I feel that they who made them fair
No more are by my side.

And one there was—now distant far—
Who shared my childish plays,
With whom I roamed in deeper joy
In boyhood's thoughtful days.
Dear cousin, round thine early home
When truant memory
Lingers in dreams of fond regret,
Dost thou e'er think of me?

WADSWORTH HALL — HIRAM, MAINE

WADSWORTH HALL—HIRAM, MAINE

The Wadsworth Arms

THE paternal grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, General Peleg Wadsworth, was, in the phraseology of colonial times, a man of parts and of large possessions. He, it was, who constructed the brick house on Congress Street in the years 1784-6, now known as the Wadsworth-Longfellow Mansion.

It was only four years after the time that this mansion was completed, that the "new Nation of Sovereign States" deeded General Peleg Wadsworth 7800 acres of land extending from the Ossippee to the Saco, in appreciation of his staunch adherence to the colonial cause.

The story of General Wadsworth's career is a long, yet extremely interesting one. Of Puritan stock, being a descendant of John Alden and

Priscilla Mullens of "Mayflower memory," he was not only a born fighter himself, but his patriotism was handed down to his son, Henry Wadsworth, a lieutenant in the American navy, for whom the poet was named.

Henry Wadsworth, it may be remembered, was one of the brave officers in the fire-ship, Intrepid, which was blown up in September, 1804, to "save it from falling into the hands of the enemy," all of whom, preferring death to slavery, voluntarily perished in the attempt. A monument to this brave young man has been erected almost within arms length of the graves of the "dead captains" in the Eastern Cemetery in Portland, and on the southeast face of the cenotaph is this inscription:

"Determined at once, they prefer death and the destruction of the enemy to captivity and torturing slavery."

This monument was erected by General Wadsworth, father of the lieutenant.

General Wadsworth's military record began immediately after the battle of Lexington. He raised a company of minute men, and at the ex-

pedition against Biguyduce or Bagaduce, now Castine, was second in command. At this time he was adjutant-general of Massachusetts. Although the Bagaduce expedition proved disastrous to the American forces, it was through no fault of the brave general.

The story of General Wadsworth's capture by the British is as thrilling as that of the surprising of the British general at Ticonderoga, when he was commanded by Ethan Allen "in the name of God and the Continental Congress," to surrender; while the story of the general's escape reads like a chapter from a modern historical novel.

It seems that the term of service of the six hundred troops under his command had expired, and he was left in a secluded building on the borders of a small stream in Thomaston, with a guard of only six soldiers. Through spies the British learned of his defenseless condition and planned an adroit attack. Lieut. Stockton was sent with a command of twenty-five to take him prisoner. At midnight of February 18, 1781, having left their vessel anchored at a point four

miles to the eastward, from which they marched under cover of darkness, they surprised the small party, all of whom, excepting the guard, were sleeping, unconscious of danger.

The sentinel, seeing the approaching party, rushed into the house; and after him, through the open door came a volley of bullets.

Imagine the effect of being rudely awakened from a sound sleep by smashing in of windows, the barking of musketry, and the whizzing of bullets across the room from window and doorway!

Enough to apall the stoutest heart, yet the general seizing a brace of pistols drove the attacking party back to the door, and kept them at bay with a blunderbuss; then, seizing a bayonet he defended himself, until a bullet, crashing through his arm, rendered him helpless.

With his arm hanging useless at his side, and blood pouring from his wound, he announced his surrender. His wife, though begging permission, was not allowed to dress her husband's wound, and with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, he was hurried out into the cold.

WADSWORTH HALL

HOME OF LONGFELLOW'S MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS, HIRAM, MAINE

Although so severely wounded, the general was marched a mile through the snow, until his strength entirely gave out, when he was put on one of his own horses, which had up to this time been carrying a British soldier.

At the point of embarkation, the captain of the English privateer came up to him and exclaimed angrily, "You d——d rebel, go and help launch the boat or I will run you through with my sword!" General Wadsworth's only reply was, "I am your prisoner, wounded and helpless, you may treat me as you please."

Lieut. Stockton, whose admiration the general had won by his heroic defense, came promptly to the rescue. Turning to the brutal ship master he said, "The prisoner is a gentleman. He has made a brave defense. He is entitled to be treated honorably."

After remaining a prisoner at Castine for two months and seeing the day of his departure for England approaching; and realizing that if he was taken across the ocean he would never return alive, he, with a brave companion, Major Benjamin Burton, who at the time of his capture

by the British had been in command of a fortress in the present town of Cushing, planned an escape.

With no better tools than a pen knife and a gimlet, after three weeks' labor, they cut an opening in the pine ceiling in their room. Each cut and boring, as it was made, was concealed by being filled with paste made from bread moistened in their mouths.

On June 18th, during a night as black as the proverbial darkness of Egypt, and with the rain pouring in torrents, they removed the panel which they had cut out, and escaped. Shielded by the tempest, and fastening a blanket to a picket, General Wadsworth who had become separated from his companion, let himself down into a trench twenty-five feet below.

Undaunted by the down-pouring rain, and believing his friend to be lost, he groped his way to a cove, where at low tide he waded, with the water above his waist, for nearly a mile to the opposite shore. At sunrise he came upon the major and both were overcome with inexpressible joy.

Though pursued by the enemy, they pushed on and by the aid of a small pocket compass were, after three days, safely back among the habitations of the Americans. Finding his family had, during his absence, gone to Boston, the general followed them thither, where the reunion with his dear ones was finally effected.

The construction of Wadsworth Hall on the large grant at Hiram was not begun until some time after the land had been deeded to General Wadsworth, but in 1807 the mansion was completed and in this year (the year of the poet's birth) the general moved hither with his family to take up his domain on his vast estate. And hither, when Longfellow had attained the age of eight months, he was taken for his first visit to the grand old mansion in the wilderness. In fact the first glimpse of the poet on record is given in a letter written by his mother from Wadsworth Hall during this visit. In this letter she says, "He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing."

As the youthful Longfellow grew to be old

enough to travel alone, it became his custom to visit his grandparents at the hall, and for this purpose he would board the old stage to take the thirty-seven mile journey to Hiram.

Here, in the old manse with its high ceilings and unpainted walls clothed in virgin pine, now mellowed with age and soft as satin to the touch, he would listen in rapt attention while his grandfather recounted his thrilling adventures, his capture by the British, his life in the prison at Castine, and his escape.

Nor were the tales of Baron Castine, the young French nobleman who married the daughter of the Indian chieftain, Madockawando, of less interest to the boy; and indeed Longfellow, in 1871, wrote the story of "Baron Castine of St. Castine," as the Student's Second Tale, in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*,—of "The Young Baron of St. Castine, Swift as the wind is, and as wild," who "married a dusky Tarratine, * * * Madockawando's child!"

As one approaches Wadsworth Hall from the river, he is suddenly surprised at a turn in the road, by coming upon the great house standing

INTERIOR OF WADSWORTH HALL

HIRAM, MAINE

upon a level piece of farm land within the shadow of Rattlesnake Mountain; and it might well be believed that on the whole tract was there to be found no place more suitable for the location of such a mansion.

Gen. Peleg Wadsworth

The old building was constructed "on honor" as its firm foundations mutely testify and its great cellar through which formerly the ox-cart was driven with its loads of winter apples, huge yellow pumpkins, and heads of mammoth cabbages, in distributing the supply of "stores" for the winter, is only one of the many interesting things connected with the old house; while

the enormous fireplaces, large enough to take in the great logs of cordwood length, are enough to excite exclamations of pleasure from all admirers of the things of bygone days.

The walls of the large hall, which is the chief center of the house, are well covered with maps and plans of the Wadsworth Lands, and on one of these walls hangs the original warranty deed of the grant of the 7800 acres to General Wadsworth.

Many indeed must have been the interests of the general with his acres of timberland from which could be cut the masts for the navies of the world.

Zilpah, his daughter, the mother of the poet, was remembered as "a woman of exceeding sweetness of manner, most beautiful in personal appearance; kind and gracious to all."

Of her, the poet's brother has written, "Beautiful in her youth, Mrs. Longfellow retained through later years of invalidism a sweet and expressive countenance, a slight but upright figure." From her must have come to her son the imaginative and romantic side of his nature.

An ideal mother, she shared the troubles, the little secrets and the joys of her children, while her simple unquestioning piety and gentleness of disposition had much to do with the moulding of the beautiful character of the poet.

Elizabeth Wadsworth

The sweet remembrance of a boy's mother is one of the greatest heritages into which a youth can come. From it, if she has been the ideal mother, will emanate a fragrance that will unconsciously, perhaps, influence all the actions of his future life.

In the old burial lot of the Wadsworths, sleeps to-day the founder of Wadsworth Hall, a

patriot himself, the father of patriots and heroes and grandfather of the most widely loved poet the world ever knew! Great indeed is the man who has given to the world such noble and illustrious posterity!

"THE LIGHTHOUSE"

"THE LIGHTHOUSE"

AS one stands in the front windows of the Wadsworth-Longfellow house to-day and sees the brick walls of the buildings across the way, it is hard to realize that from these windows once stretched a view of surpassing loveliness. The bay, the islands, the cape shore, and the light at Portland Head were all plainly visible from the windows of the poet's sleeping room; and from these windows he could

> "see the tides,
> Upheaving, break unheard"

along the foot of the lighthouse some three miles away.

The lighthouse at Portland Head, it may be of interest to note, is the oldest lighthouse on the Atlantic coast.

The first entry in Parson Deane's diary in 1791 is a brief one:

> "January 10. Light in the lighthouse."

Nothing else; but in a foot note by Willis, the historian, we learn that, "as early as 1785, the representative from this town was instructed to urge upon the government of Massachusetts the erection of a lighthouse at the mouth of this (Portland) harbor. But from the poverty of the country nothing was done for a year or two. At length the work was undertaken but proceeded slowly until the organization of the General Government. In August, 1790, Congress appropriated $1500 to finish the work, and it was completed within five months of that time.

* * * "The stonework was seventy-two feet high, and the lantern fifteen feet, making eighty-seven feet; this was found too high, and about twenty years after, twenty feet were taken off. The master builders were John Nichols and Jonathan Bryant, masons of this town."

The strategic advantages of Portland Head, or Portland Point as it was then called, were recognized during Revolutionary times, and this valuable governmental location now occupied by one of the largest forts in the United States, had its small share in history making, as the fol-

lowing order copied from Colonel Jonathan Mitchell's order book will bear out:

"FALMOUTH, May 7, 1776.

"General orders of Capt. Bryant Morton's Company at Cape Elizabeth. That you keep one sergeant or corporal, with seven privates as a guard on Portland Point—on discovery of a ship, to fire a gun on Portland Point as an alarm, and in case any number of small vessels, more than two, and large enough for armed vessels, to fire two guns at Spring Point, and in case they prove to be enemies to use your best endeavors to annoy them. * * * *

"JONATHAN MITCHELL,
"Commanding Officer."

The guns used at Portland Point and at Spring Point were brought to the old town of Falmouth, as Portland was then called, from Boston in July, 1776, by Capt. Cox, to which place they had been carried late in the previous year from Ticonderoga. Forty-two sleds were used in transporting the cannon and mortars over the snow.

During the period of one hundred and six years that the light at Portland Head has seen service, there have been but ten keepers. The first was one Eben Delano. The present keeper is Joseph Strout, who succeeded his father, Capt. Joshua Strout in 1904, after thirty-five years of service.

From the lips of the elder Strout, I heard the story of the wreck of the Annie Maguire which went ashore in the eighties on as fair a night as one could imagine; and how he had taken the crew off the wrecked vessel by the light made from the burning of blankets by his faithful wife, who had first cut them into strips and then saturated them in kerosene oil.

Longfellow in his youth took many a walk along the Cape shore. We have no record of his having visited the lighthouse at Portland Head, though in 1847 while staying at the Verandah, he went out to the Two Lights and climbed to the top of the revolving one.

Previous to the establishing of Fort Williams by the government, the lighthouse was surrounded by a tangled mass of bushes and briers, which

PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT, OLDEST LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE

were formidable enough to keep the less adventurous at a distance; but now the approach to the light is along smooth roadways and sidewalks and over well kept parade grounds; but one is liable to be challenged by the sentry who will ask if he knows any one at the light.

Here is the lighthouse as Longfellow saw it from his chamber windows.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

1849

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkness, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink,
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

THE RAINY DAY

THE RAINY DAY

ACROSS the hall from the old kitchen in the Wadsworth Mansion is the dining room or den, where, at the desk now standing before its one window, Longfellow wrote, on an autumn afternoon in 1841, "The Rainy Day."

THE RAINY DAY

1841

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

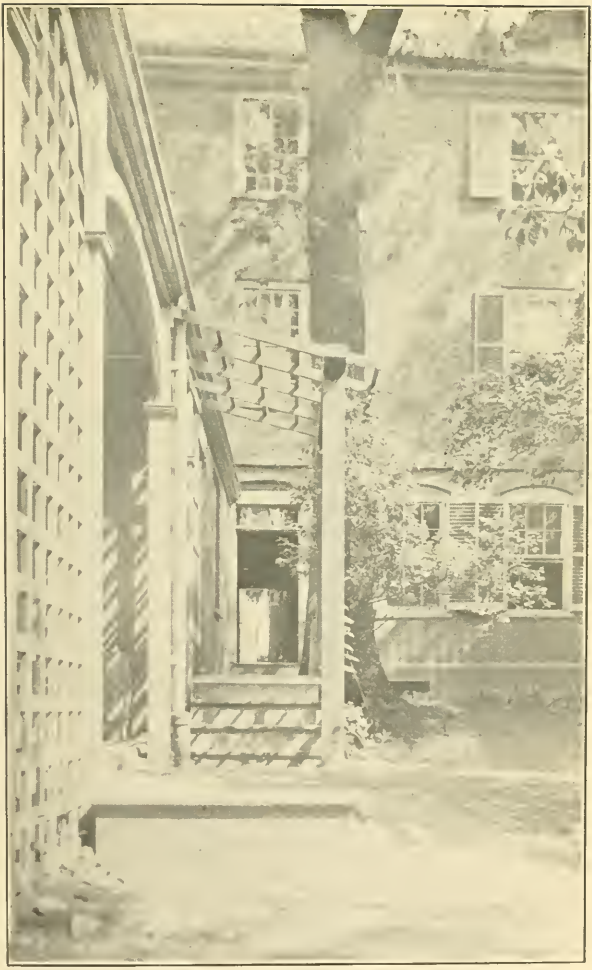
Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;

Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Sad words you will say, but it must be remembered that Longfellow was still mourning the wife of his youth when these verses were written, and the "hopes of youth" seemed to him to have fallen "thick in the blast," and as he looked out of the window and saw the garden through the vine covered pergola, the leaves and flowers falling to the ground, the annuals gone to seed, the shrubs and trees being denuded of their beautiful summer garments, is it a wonder that his thoughts played in a minor key?

From this garden as a child he had many a time plucked the flowers on a Sunday morning and carried them in his hand while he walked to church with his mother.

Here also had been gathered the flowers, possibly augmented by some from the once famous garden of the widow Preble next door, that had been used on that notable occasion, when, in the



THE OLD GARDEN OF THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW MANSION

Courtesy of Maine Historical Society

year 1815 the five children of Stephen and Elizabeth Longfellow (there were but five at that time—Stephen, aged ten; Henry, aged eight; Elizabeth, aged six; Anne, aged five; and Alexander, a baby in arms), were baptized by the Reverend Ichabod Nichols of the old First Parish Church.

The garden with its pinks, its lilacs, its spireas, its clematis and its roses is now a memory only. Its apple trees covered with blossoms have long since disappeared. Where once the old barn stood has been erected the handsome new building of the Maine Historical Society and through the vista made by the old arbor may, at the time of this writing, be seen the towering walls of a large theatre which is now being constructed for the pleasure of Portland's populace. What one of the old inhabitants who lived in the day of the poet's father would have dreamed it!

In those days the law would not allow the production of plays for profit but the following advertisement in the Portland *Gazette* of July 4, 1820, shows how the law was evaded:

"The public are respectfully informed that there will be a Concert of vocal and Instrumental music this evening. Between the parts of the Concert there will be performed *(gratis)* a celebrated Play in three acts, called

THE POINT OF HONOR

to conclude with Shakespeare's admired farce in three acts *(gratis)*, called

KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO."

Those were good old Puritan times when many of the pleasures, now considered innocent enough, were then under the ban of the law, or at best were looked upon askance; but they were character building ones also, and from the stern forefathers of those days have sprung the hardy New England race of people who, spread out as they are to-day all over the country, are the bulwarks of the nation.

The old garden meant much to the poet in his childhood, his youth, and in his after life. He refers to it many times in his journal and in his correspondence. Some of the first meetings with Mary Potter were held in this garden; and some

of his happiest hours were passed there with his wife,—his "early love," whose memory later was to inspire the only love song ever written by Longfellow. It was entitled, "The Evening Star," and was not written until many years after her death. These beautiful lines show to some extent the deep and tender reverence in which he always held the memory of the wife of his youth.

THE EVENING STAR

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my belovèd, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

Though the old garden with its hallowed associations is gone, that portion of the old yard that remains is a pleasant place in which to linger. Standing there, one sees the transomed doorway which opens onto the long arbor, the trellis with its climbing bushes, the few shrubs that have grown unmolested until they have attained to dignified proportions, and the grape vine which

"still clings to the mouldering wall"

while the spreading branches of the two remaining tall elms seem to be invoking a benediction over all.

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